

## **Mortiis**

# **"Decadent and Desperate"**

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Beat down, fucked up  
I'm drinkin' blood from the devil's cup  
Now what you tell me  
I can't even get shit for free

Hey girl, I'll have to go  
Ain't got no money so let's go slow  
In my room, this living hell  
A living hell in the shit motel

Decadent and desperate

Fair play, crack's your pay  
Shoot me up and make my day  
Oh yeah, way to go  
You really are a damn good ho

Oh, yeah, at the shit motel  
How I love being stuck in this cell  
Fucked up in a shit stained sty  
Everything they ever said was a big, fat lie

Decadent  
And desperate

You're such a fucking dog  
Looking for your special drug

Decadent and desperate

Beat down, fucked up  
I'm drinkin' blood from the devil's cup  
Now what you tell me  
I can't even get shit for free

All right, come on  
In a year or two  
We'll both be gone  
Who cares how sweet?  
Your pain's gonna taste  
When it falls to shit

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